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Study and Advancement of Suggestive Therapeutics
ALSO TO THE
Scientific Investigation of All Occult Phenomena.

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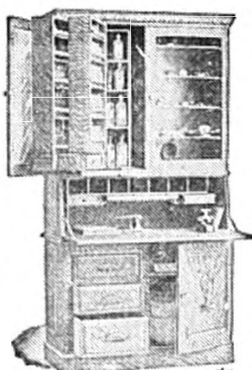
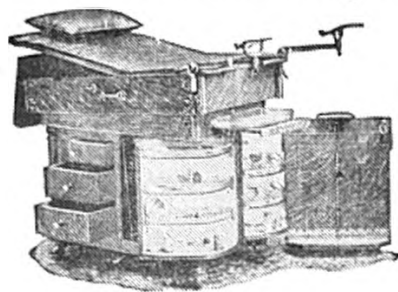
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SUGGESTION

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IS THE CURE OF DISEASE BY SUGGESTION MYSTERIOUS IN ANY SPECIAL SENSE?

BY S. F. MEACHAM, M. D., OAKLAND, CAL.

The following ideas are presented for above consideration in the above question:

1. General Cause.

2. Approach.

3. Development.

4. Special Mystery.

The race is rapidly nearing a unity of conception regarding disease. I do not mean that we are all looking at disease from exactly the same view-point, but that we are all agreeing that disease is not an entity, but simply a wrong method of life—life wrongly or imperfectly adjusted to environment. It has not been long since the master minds regarded disease as a something to be gotten rid of, and while theoretically this idea is almost dead today, it is not so of the practice. Many who do not believe in disease as an entity are nevertheless trying to get rid of something by their method of treatment.

How else account for the excessive use of cathartics, diuretics, diaphoretics, expectorants, etc., when there is no special occasion for so doing unless we are getting rid of the disease in that way?

If disease is a wrong life, the question to be asked is, how can the organism, with

its millions of cells, be induced to adjust their acts to the demands, not how much work can any special department or departments of the organism be forced to do? The above named process simply forces the excretory, secretory, or some other portion of the body, to do more work, possibly to get rid of waste, but they all cause waste at the same time. The real question is, do they help the system to right the existing wrongs, or do they simply, by removing waste, lighten the necessary work? This is all right, but not what we want. We want the action corrected, not simply lightened.

A careful examination of the methods of drugging, especially by the dominant school, leads one to see that their practice is far behind their theories. While we all agree in a general way about the nature of disease, we diverge widely in methods of relief, for so many are still trying to get rid of a something, instead of trying to right something.

Disease, then, as we shall mean it, is an imperfect adjustment of the life forces to the environing forces.

We are also agreed in a general way

about what constitutes a cure. It is to right the existing wrong. But how right it? What is the wrong? What cause or causes of the wrong are known? Are the real causes and cures extrinsic or intrinsic? Here we commence to think wildly, to ramble in our thoughts. No answer to the above question about the mystery of any special method of treatment can be given till we answer approximately these latter questions.

It is clearly impossible to know anything about what cures, or how it cures, unless we have some idea of what we are dealing with.

The above definition of disease, if applied to the organism at large, is too general. This is the common mistake. Let us confine it for a time to the cell life, then we can commence to see some light.

We do not know what life is. We do not know the exact relation of living forces to physical force, but we do know that the force we call vital, that is, resident in the cell, is what builds and repairs the cell, always, at all times.

No extrinsic force has ever been known to do either at any time. No matter what view-point we assume, even though crude materialism, it will still remain true. Even if I assume that life grows out of non-living force, and that the entire process is without conscious adjustment, we must still admit that the inter-molecular forces build the cell, and that once built, the forces within the cell take care of it, even though we claim that they do it blindly and in response to external conditions. True, we may alter the external, and possibly hasten or retard the activity going on within the cell, but we can in no place supplant the within force nor do its work for it by any known means.

We are like the farmer. He can alter the soil, regulate the moisture, and we can even see how on a small scale he might modify the light, but even then he must trust to the vital force within the seeds to take advantage of the environment, or all his labor is in vain, and here he is helpless. This force, whatever it is, must be there and ready to work, or he is helpless. So as a physician I can alter surroundings, but I am at all times helpless when the life is absent from the cell. But when present even in small amount I can so modify surroundings that the little will become much, the imperceptible force may become great, but always, at all times, the action within is the builder and assimilator; yes! the repairer, also.

We are now ready to examine the question of mystery of cure.

In one sense all cure by any method is a mystery. As we do not know what life is, nor where it comes from, nor how it acts, we cannot know how it cures.

When I say that we do not know how life acts, I mean that we do not know whether it has *spontaneity* or is *dependent* absolutely.

Remember, however, that even though I deny spontaneity to the life within the cell, that does not alter the fact that it is that force that both builds and repairs the cell, nor does that make it possible for me by any other known means to repair an injury to the cell. I am still forced to work with environments.

In this sense, then, all cure is a mystery, whether by drugs or suggestion, or even by the resident life itself.

What is a mystery?

Anything I do not understand. Anything I am unable to explain. But when is a thing explained? I like Bain's idea here better than any, notwithstanding that

it is not flawless. His idea of explanation is that of classification; that is, a thing is explained when I can remove it from its isolated place and put it with other things that I claim to know. If I am only able to place it among things known only in a general way, then I can give only a general explanation of it, but if able to classify it, or arrange it with things definitely known, then the mystery is still further removed. It is well to keep in mind that no matter how much I arrange, nor how many things I may thus explain, I will always, as above, come to where no explanation or classification is possible, for there will be no more general class that can be made to include it. If, however, I will hold to the above ideas of disease and cure, I can in a general way dispel the mystery and give an approximate explanation of cure.

But when I have done so, I have included in one class all methods of aid in curing, in that they are all extrinsic and all aids only. I know just as much about how one of these methods acts as about another. They all alike remove obstacles, furnish building material to the needy cells, increase the nerve supply, or regulate it, and here all alike end and the ultimate mystery begins.

What, then, becomes of the *special* mystery that so many are attempting to make of suggestive treatment of disease?

I do not care, as far as this article is concerned, what view of mind you take, it will be true at last that no thought can exist without cell action. But once start a cell to acting, and where will the process end? Cell will stimulate cell till nerve, muscle, gland and bone may all be modified and the entire organism changed ere the process ends.

But as I can awaken thought and change the line of thought by suggestion, so I

can awaken or alter cell action by suggestion, and, as said above, there is no telling where it will end once started.

But different thoughts and emotions will not only stimulate different cells, but in a different manner also, so that one kind may aid recovery, another cause disease, just as is true of drug action.

How does drug action differ from the above? Not a whit.

A drug can stimulate cell action, or retard it, or alter it, just as a suggestion can do, and there is no more telling where the process may end in the one case than in the other, and either may be made to do good or to do harm, just as selected and used. It depends on the selection and use in either case and they act alike; that is, on the cell activity.

What, then, has given rise to the prevalent idea that suggestion is especially mysterious when used therapeutically? Is it simply because certain men hate the new and oppose it? While the latter may enter as an element, I am convinced that that is not the main reason.

It is rather because of the great mystery made of the mind because we cannot see and taste it as we can drugs. We keep forgetting that, after all, we know just as much, yes, more about mind, than we do about drugs, because:

First, all we know about drugs is our mental conception of them; and, second, we can feel thought, and experience it, even though we do not see, taste and handle it objectively, and feeling is, after all, the prime sense from which all the others are derived.

The matter that I know is made up of states of consciousness, and I have not the remotest idea what matter really is apart from my thoughts, so that, candidly speaking, we are placing the "big" mystery in

the wrong place. But I am convinced that here lies the reason of the opposition to suggestive treatment.

We are, however, rapidly approaching the place where we can see that the invisible and intangible forces of nature are the real and powerful forces, the ones that regulate all the others, and that thought force is the most powerful of them all; being at the same time creative.

So I think we may say that there is no special mystery connected with suggestive therapy; it is with the other methods having physiological explanation that is as easy to see as that of drugs.

While I have not the space to enter into it here, I will keep the above principles

in mind you will be able to see how utterly fallacious the idea is that only functional troubles can be treated successfully by suggestion. Why?

If suggestion can modify cell action, growth and repair, why is it unable to act in cases of organic disease? What more than the above can a drug do? Then, if one can cure or aid in recovery in organic disease, so can all the methods named.

They belong to one class and work shoulder to shoulder for the same end; that is, to increase the amount of blood and nerve force to the desired area, and all end in their usefulness here.

All alike depend on the life within to do the selecting and appropriating.

PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL ADAPTATION:

BY GEORGE BIESER, M. D., 186 W. 102D ST., NEW YORK CITY.
BY GEORGE BIESER, M. D., 186 W. 102D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

The sick, like the poor, we have always with us. Sickness and poverty were probably coeval with mankind, and are evidences that all persons do not adapt themselves, either through ignorance, inherited or acquired perversity of mental and physiological processes or immoral or criminal associations, to their environment. These two scourges of mankind have on account of their wide distribution and the suffering that they engender, been subjects for close study by scientists and economists in all countries, and in all ages. Their causes, their baneful effects upon the mind and body, and the best means of preventing, mitigating and removing the suffering engendered by them, have been so carefully studied by enlightened minds that we can say that the amount of time and energy devoted to

their investigation has not been in vain, and has not failed to be of benefit to the majority of individuals who earnestly sought to be rid of these scourges by the application of the knowledge of the laws of health and success.

When we seek in literature, ancient and modern, for knowledge upon these subjects, one is disappointed in finding that most of the works are filled with mere speculations, opinions, theories and doctrines. Very few give the real laws of health and success. Many of the authors attribute sickness and poverty with their misery, to accident, chance, ill-fortune or supernatural intervention, they being ignorant of the fact that science discerns that order pervades the universe and therefore accident and caprice are improbable in a law-governed world. There

is a reason for all things and for all kinds of phenomena; all being the result of the actions of so-called laws, a real knowledge of which is science. Prof. J. D. Buck is right when he says that opinion is not science. Science is not opinion.

Some of these authors describe these phenomena from a purely theoretical standpoint, tracing every phenomenon back to some ultimate cause which in most cases is a mere creation of the imagination. It is well known that most authors, or the men who concoct theories are endowed with a constructive imagination rather than with a constructive faculty. The power of the imagination is thus stated by Shakespeare:

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
Are imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman; the lover, all is
frantic;
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Other authors whose works are really useful, devote most of their space to sound technical or practical knowledge, considering the real or actual agents causing the phenomena under observation or study, while very little space is devoted to mere theory. However useful to convince the ignorant, uneducated, superstitious and mystically inclined persons, assertions, mystically inclined persons, assertions,

claims, theories and doctrines may be which are the result of speculation upon subjects which no amount of speculation can illuminate, still they must finally pass into oblivion. None of this *pot-pourri* (medley) will be generally accepted until we can reconcile these absurdities of hobbysm and ultra-reasoning to the common-sense level of natural laws and more rational observations and methods. With our methods of observation, experimentation, and the present development of physical organization, the solution of the ultimate nature of matter, energy and intelligence is a problem which no human being knows or can know anything about. With the present condition of man, this knowledge even if obtainable would be of small avail for practical purposes, for these ultimate principles are never found separate or in their ultimate elementary state.

Sound theories at the most can only teach us what to use and what to do, but it is technology that teaches us how to use the various agents and how to produce results by aid of the different agencies. Nevertheless, the theorist, when once his accurate theory is formulated and generally accepted, becomes a great man and plenty are found to do the executive part. Still the practical man is the luckier man and the really useful man. Greater and luckier than either is he who combines sound theory and practice.

In our analysis of phenomena, it is usual to speak of the composition of phenomena as composed of matter, energy and intelligence. We are told that we do not and cannot know the ultimate nature of these principles because our central nervous systems are conscious only of impulses, mental processes and emotions. It is just because we can only be conscious of it just because we can only be conscious of

impulses mental processes and emotions, that we should face the truth, should not tolerate, should not listen to and believe all the assertions or claims made by those who are more efficient in guess work, speculation, poetry and rhetoric than in reflection or ability to see the relation of the laws governing phenomena, the result of psychical, physical and chemical processes. It is important to distinguish between abstract, impersonal or academic science and philosophical, personal or mental science. It is useless to speculate concerning the ultimate nature of matter, energy and intelligence, for we are none the wiser for such speculation. Speculation plus logical processes of reasoning, can at the most only lead to *vraisemblance*—appearance of truth.

What is wanted is not speculation, but something which is actual knowledge—permanent, useful knowledge of mankind and of environment. Remember all of man's works are as perishable as his own body with the exception of his few discoveries in the realm of abstract, perpetual truth. Nothing is permanent except truth—natural laws. All the impregnable fortresses and armed vessels, however formidable, do finally crumble, the component parts dropping to the earth from which they were derived. A man, centuries hence, looking at the falling masses of stone or metal, will see the operation of the laws of gravitation, which laws he can utilize to serve his purpose, yet he does not know the nature of gravitation except as he creates it in the psychical realm by aid of his psychical processes—imagination. In reviewing carefully and truthfully your speculations in your search for the ultimate nature of the three fundamental principles that by mutual agreement we believe to exist, you will be likely to find

that you are possessed of an "infinite amount of knowledge of nothing," and the results of your efforts, like the results of Gratonos' search for three grains of wheat hid in three bushels of chaff, not worth the search or trouble.

Still, why should psychurgeons and suggestionists concern themselves about the ultimate nature of that which exists as long as they have in reality nothing to do with the ultimate principles of the universe and as long as their purpose is merely to assist the evolution of mankind—psychically and physically, to relieve sickness, to relieve or remove poverty and misery? Why do so many journals devoted to suggestive therapeutics and allied topics devote so much space to speculations of all sorts, to abuse of doctors and scientists, and then expect scientific men, common-sense and mentally balanced persons to read them? Why do these journals resurrect the exploded theories and doctrines, and teach or exploit the absurd practices of mediaevalism? Is it not because they wish to satisfy the psychically perverted or morally perverted humanity? Does not that which we love to call science contain enough rubbish? We must be iconoclasts if we will know the truth. Science is only partial knowledge, perpetually under revision, correction or enlargement, but in spite of this continuous changing, science is progressive and reliable, and the arts based upon it are progressive and most useful to mankind. Any science and any art which refuses new light is a dead science and a dead art.

From the earliest ages there has been a tendency on the part of mankind, including scientists, to attribute sickness and poverty entirely to agencies outside the body. They did not recognize that they were but a part of macrocosm, that they had to com-

ply with the laws of the universe or be injured or destroyed. They thought because they possessed intelligence in a higher degree than animals, that they were superior to the laws of the universe, and that by the grace of God they had dominion over the birds of the air, the fish of the sea and the beasts of the earth. Even the inanimate agents of the universe were believed to be within their control by a mere word and effort of the will or desire. Dreams, illusions, hallucinations and delusions were, with them, synonymous with reality. Today we know that all the baneful effects of internal and external agents can be avoided or minimized by actions based upon the knowledge of the laws governing the manifestations of these agents. by virtue of such knowledge, we are in a position to avoid everything injurious to our development, health, happiness, success and life, and to search after favorable conditions. This search for favorable conditions is instinctive, and is subjectively felt as a dread of painful condition, and a desire for pleasurable ones.

Persons are swayed by their emotions. Suggestions appropriate to the emotional state of a person are accepted by him in most instances without criticism, knowledge, reason or evidences of his senses as true, and are accordingly acted upon. The intensity of the emotional state and the degree of faith (credulity) stand in a certain relation to each other, and faith—true or false—does sometimes work wonders. But if careless, unfriendly, absurd or adverse suggestions are given, truth will assert itself and the person will be harmed physically, mentally, morally or otherwise. This cannot occur if the suggestions are employed intelligently and the laws of nature observed or followed in their application. The laws of nature we can know,

even if we cannot know the ultimate nature of matter, energy and intelligence. As stated above, why should psychurgeons and suggestionists concern themselves about the nature of these principles or be expected to prove or refute all the beliefs, opinions, doctrines, claims and theories in reference to their nature? Painters and artists are not expected to refute agnosticism, nor musicians and poets to solve the problem of immortality, simply because their arts appeal to the emotions, to the aesthetic and to the religious sense of mankind.

It is true that progress in science does not necessarily contribute to the happiness of all mankind. Yet it does tend in many cases to make persons think too much and does tend to crush the tender feelings of persons, by making the emotions constantly subservient to the intellect; but that is simply due to improper education and environment. In many, partial or one-sided truth by crushing impossible ideals, unattainable ideals, or attainable ideals which would be fraught with injury to others, leads to pessimism. But where persons have possible and wholesome ideals, progressive science can only lead to a melioristic or optimistic tendency of the mind. Absurd idealism should be discouraged and sensible idealism encouraged. Persons should not only be good and have good ideals, but they should also be sensible. Yes, mankind would be much happier if there were more common-sense and goodwill toward fellow-men and less idealism in this world.

Truth, speaking anthropomorphically in order to be brief, does not invite the attention of mankind, but must be earnestly sought after. It is veiled or masked in many ways, while falsehood appeals to the sense of virtue and beauty in man, and

therefore mankind indulges in self-deception. How that reservoir of chimeras—the brain, by means of psychical processes called the imagination—does create the most absurd productions, such as mermaids, winged horses, gods, angels, demons, and other forms too numerous to mention, and symbolize them so as to become objects of veneration, love, anger, hate, etc., to become subjects for education and for the formation of moral habits, to become the bases for theologies, occult and pseudo-sciences, and to become subjects to be represented in art, poetry and music to affect the emotions of mankind. But the truth, though slothful, will out; it will destroy us if we attempt to thwart its path.

The laws underlying natural phenomena, desirable or undesirable, such as health or disease, happiness or misery, success or failure, are inexorable. All natural laws are self-acting. Men do not make natural laws; they discover them as working principles of the universe. All forces obey laws, as there is no reliable evidence in science that any of these laws were ever broken. All forces act unconscious of the desires and notions of men, and do not seek to be understood or recognized by them. It is man who must seek to understand the laws underlying the manifestations of these forces if he desires to be successful in his efforts to escape their baneful effects, or if he desires that they shall serve him. When the laws are complied with, no matter by whom, whether consciously or unconsciously, the same effect will always follow.

Mankind is destroyed by incident or folly. This cannot be entirely amended, for we are exposed to perils on all sides; therefore it is useless to try to find a place or means of refuge other than the knowledge of the laws governing the manifestations

—good or bad—of these forces, in the hope that we can elude this pack of Nature's tireless malevolence. Elysium, Paradise, Valhalla, Orient, Devachan, or the Star of Ormuzd may be places of refuge from these malevolences, but we must remember that these were the inventions of mankind to comfort man before his last sleep. The hopes inspired by the thoughts of these heavens has, indeed, made life more bearable to many a sufferer; but these places are for post-mortem habitation. On earth, all living organisms are struggling against the destructive forces of nature by means of one weapon—adaptation.

The unborn child is challenged by these forces, acting through the mother's body, at every stage of its development. After birth, its progress is challenged at every turn and point by innumerable conditions favoring the development of misery, sickness, poverty and death. The child must be prepared by education, environment and physical training to meet all of them if it is to survive the usual three scores of years or more. Venomous insects and reptiles, beasts, plagues, germs of contagious diseases, habits and customs of the community, floods, earthquakes, fire, cold and other malevolences must be faced and successfully accounted with. It is in most instances or cases useless to attempt to elude them all, if a proper state of mind and the necessary knowledge of the laws underlying their manifestations are absent. But in spite of continuous vigilance, sooner or later one or more of this gang of malevolences will cause the *Ego* (soul, spirit, intelligence, the I am, etc.,) to leave its present habitation—the body.

Actual knowledge is the highest form of adaptation; for through knowledge only can we understand the universe

and its laws. Conclusions constitute our knowledge, but in order that our knowledge shall be useful to us in fighting against nature's forces, it must be formed as much as possible of correct observations and logical conclusions. We know that thoughts and emotions can, by causing retroaction of psychical processes, produce hallucinations (virtual preceptions) and illusions (virtual sensations) which lead to erroneous conclusions, and hence to false knowledge. Actual knowledge or better knowledge of the laws governing the health of our minds and bodies, and the forces in our environment, is the remedy for all curable sick-

ness and misery. Psychical states alone are not sufficient, as many metaphysicians and mental scientists claim. There must be a compliance to both physical and psychical laws, or, in other words, there must be psycho-physiological adaptation. Shakespeare was right when he said that the remedy for evils often lies in ourselves:

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward
pull

Our slow designs when we ourselves are
dull.

—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

CLAIRVOYANT DREAMS.

BY M. P. MACDELO, CHICAGO, ILL.

Finding the columns of SUGGESTION open to the discussion of all phases of psychic phenomena, I would esteem it a privilege to offer from personal experience a few illustrations of clairvoyant night vision. The writer possesses no clairvoyant gift that he can command at will, by inducing trance conditions; but the nocturnal vision has been of frequent occurrence, though at irregular intervals, for many years.

The frequency of these visions, with their literal fulfillment, removes them from the category of coincidence; while in many instances of my own experience, telepathy may not be assigned as an explanation of the phenomena. In regard to the ordinary, confused dream medley there is little to be said, save that thought untiring, ever moves on, and not being under conscious control in the sleeping hour, the dream resembles the incoherent prattle of the rueful lunatic whose powers

of rational conception and the coordination of thoughts seem to be destroyed.

The clairvoyant picture is a prevision of an object or occurrence, a well defined outline sketch, often filled in with striking precision, and its literal correspondence with the object that was flashed upon the mind raises the question, when telepathy fails to account for it, how was this snapshot photo taken by the sleeper? The first of these picture dreams, that have remained indelible in memory, was so peculiar and pathetic as to fix my attention to the fact that it was possible for me to see in a dream a matter that had already passed, or that might be transpiring at the moment of vision. Having spent ten days watching with a brother dearly beloved, I returned to my home, twelve miles distant. In the early morning of the following day I was awakened by seeing a man in his burial case, having the tip of the nose strongly turned to one side. A

few minutes after the dream a stage driver called to notify me that my brother had passed away the evening previous, before he left H— to come to W—, where I was living. Taking the stage to H—, and going to the room where the remains had been disposed for interment, and removing a folded cloth that covered the face, the nose appeared exactly as seen in the dream. The natural nose was straight and thin. The deceased having died of dropsy, was anemic, and the slight pressure of a damp folded cloth distorted the bloodless organ. Had this accident been observed by persons in charge of the remains, it might have been telepathically transferred to me, but the probability is that no one had noticed it, or he would have corrected the mishap.

Here is a clairvoyant dream that precludes the possibility of telepathic explanation. In this vision there appeared a troop of horses going up the beach out of the river that flowed through the town of R—. These horses were of different colors, and as near as I can remember they appeared to be bay, dun, and dapple gray. Taking a walk the next morning, a building stood between me and the river, when to my surprise the same horses seen in the dream picture appeared, passing between the building and the water; and not being able to see the stream from where I stood, the optical illusion was perfect: the horses seemed to be ascending out of the river, two teams close together, bays, duns, and dapple grays. As telepathy is not an admissible element in explanation of the similarity of the dream to the reality in this case, was it a mere coincidence only? The writer, until shown that his faith is groundless, must believe that it was a plain instance of clairvoyant vision. To sweep all such psychic phenomena into the

limbo of coincidence does not, to say the best one may, offer a satisfactory explanation.

One Saturday night, in the winter of 1897, I was startled out of sleep by the vivid and painful appearance of an esteemed friend, a Mr. D., of Wisconsin, who seemed to be in great distress. The face was ghastly and wore the expression of acute anguish; his posture was reclining, as if on a couch. There appeared on the scene two women attending the sufferer. One of the women stood a little back from the sick man, and stooped toward him with deep anxiety depicted on her countenance; the other woman appeared standing just back of the first, her form only visible, as if in a shadow that concealed her features. I recognized the woman who stood the nearer to Mr. D. as one of his daughters, a Mrs. S., who resided in B—, a city twenty miles away. I wrote my friend in Wisconsin, stating that a dream on Saturday night had so excited my concern for him that I hoped to hear from him without delay. The reply came, and the first lines of the letter ran thus: "Now I know you are a prophet. Last Saturday night I suffered the most severe attack of heart trouble I have ever had, and I thought my time to leave this world had surely come."

An interview with my friend Mr. D in February, 1900, elicited the following facts regarding the subject of this narration: 1. Mr. D. lay in a reclining position on a couch, as seen in the vision. 2. Mrs. S. was visiting with her father at the time in question, and was the woman near him, as seen in the vision. 3. Mrs. S. stood a little distance from her father, as she appeared in the vision, lest a nearer approach should endanger his efforts at respiration. 4. The woman whose form

was seen in the shadow was a daughter living with her father, and believing him to be dying she was so agitated by her emotions that she shrank back of her sister, covering her face with her hands. As Mr. D. expressed it to me: "K. was so frightened that she did not dare look at me."

The reader will note the precise correspondence between the details of the vision and the literal facts as they occurred. It is hardly probable that Mr. D., in the throes of heart pang and spasmodic gasping for a snatch of breath, would be in

conscious mental communication with any others than those present; nor could those loving children, whose well nigh hopeless suspense held every power of sympathy and of thought upon their seemingly dying father, have taken the role of telepaths to mentally hunt up some old-time acquaintance. It was at the tragic moment when the conflict between life and death was on the "dead line" that the act came into my dreams—if not by telepathy, how? "Subconscious telepathy" would appear to be still in the stage of sublimated corollary.

THE LAW OF MENTAL CONTROL.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

ARTICLE I—THE FUNCTIONS OF THE MIND.

"I am attacked by two very opposite sects—the scientists and the know-nothings. Both laugh at me—calling me the 'Frog's Dancing Master.' Yet I know that I have discovered one of the greatest forces in Nature."

—*Galvini.*

In the series of articles of which this is the first installment, I will state my own conclusions, based upon an earnest study of the teachings of Mental Science, whether or not they agree with the generally accepted theories of other workers in the same field. Mental scientists assert their individuality, and demand for themselves, and give to others, the liberty of their own opinions—the freedom to draw their own conclusions. They are bound by no creed, and have no infallible pope to hand down to them ready-made ideas. The Mental Scientist asserts the "I AM" with all his power, and has the courage of his own convictions. If his views come in conflict with those of some one else, he lets the other person take care

of himself, and he does likewise. He states his own ideas for what they may be worth, without an attempt at an elaborate argument to prove them. He knows that if his views are correct, they will so manifest themselves to such persons as are prepared to receive the truth. He knows that if he is mistaken in some of his ideas, the error will die, and such of his ideas as voice the truth will live. In this spirit I have prepared this series of articles, and in this spirit I ask you to receive my work. If it does not commend itself to your reason or intuition, discard it, but place the blame upon me, not upon the school of Mental Science. Some of the views advanced by me are at total variance with the teachings of many able writers in the field of Mental Science. I believe that I am right, nevertheless. I also come in conflict with the doctrine of the dual mind—the worship of the Subjective Mind, so dear to many. Never-

theless, I believe that man has but one mind, and that the Subjective is *not* the higher self—the Soul, as the followers of Hudson would have us believe. I know I am in the minority, but, nevertheless, I refuse to travel along the "calf path," when I believe that I can clear away a more direct road to the truth. If this is egotism, I cannot help it. I assert the Ego.

I am fully convinced that it is an error to teach that man has two minds—entities—or that the functions of the mind are to be roughly separated into two classes and ticketed, saying: "thou art a sheep" and "thou art a goat."

I believe that man has one mind, with many faculties, each faculty being capable of functioning along two different lines. I believe that there are no distinct dividing lines separating the two functions of a faculty, but that they shade into each other in the manner of the colors of the spectrum.

The mind has many divisions of thought-producing and motion-producing power—faculties. And each particular faculty has its own dual power of functioning. I use the word function in the sense of "an appropriate action of any particular faculty of the mind."

In speaking of these two functions of a mental faculty, I am compelled to use terms other than those favored by the exponents of the theory of the dual mind, in order to prevent a misconception of the properties of each function. I have accordingly adopted the terms: Active Function and Passive Function. The idea intended to be represented by each will become apparent a little further on.

Mental faculties manifest themselves in either thought-producing effects or motion-producing effects. Thought is cre-

ated only by a mental effort. There can be no performance of the bodily functions (voluntary or involuntary) except as a result of a mental impulse. Either mental impulse may be along the lines of the Active or Passive functions of the mental faculty whose province it is to manifest the said thought or motion.

A thought-impulse or motion-impulse originally caused by an Active effort of a faculty, may become by continued repetition, or habit, strictly automatic, the impulse given it by the repeated Active effort developing a strong momentum which carries it on, along Passive lines, until stopped by another Active effort, or its direction changed by the same cause.

On the other hand, thought-impulses, or motion-impulses continued along Passive lines, may be terminated or corrected by an Active effort. The Active function creates, changes or destroys. The Passive function carries on the work given it by its master, the Active function (or other masters), and obeys orders and suggestions.

The Active function produces the thought-habit or motion-habit and imparts to it the vibrations which carry it on along the Passive lines thereafter. The active function also has the power to send forth vibrations which neutralize the momentum of the thought-habit or motion-habit; it also is able to launch a *new* thought-habit or motion-habit with stronger vibrations which overcomes and absorbs the first thought or motion and substitutes the new one.

All thought-impulses or motion-impulses, once started on their errands, continue to vibrate along passive lines until corrected or terminated by subsequent impulses imparted by the Active function, or other controlling power. The contin-

uance of the original impulse adds momentum and force to it, and renders its correction or termination more difficult. This explains that which is styled "the force of habit." I think that this explanation will be readily understood by anyone who ever acquired an undesirable habit, and, after a struggle, conquered the same. The above law applies to good habits as well as to bad ones. The moral is obvious.

Several of the faculties of the Mind often combine to produce a single manifestation. A task to be performed may call for the combined exercise of, for instance, the several faculties that manifest muscular movement, reasoning effort, imagination and memory, respectively. In this four-fold combination, some of the faculties may manifest along the lines of their Active functions and others along the lines of their Passive functions.

The meeting of new conditions, and overcoming them, calls for the exercise of the Active function, whilst the Passive function can handle a familiar problem without calling upon its more energetic brother-function for assistance.

The Active effort is new-born, fresh from the mint, whilst the Passive effort is of less recent creation, and, in fact, is often the result of vibratory impulses imparted in ages long past.

The Active effort makes its own way, brushing aside the impeding vines and kicking from its path the obstructing stones. The Passive effort travels along the "calf path."

The Active effort is the result of a direct impulse imparted at the time of the effort. The Passive effort is the result of either a preceding Active effort of the same mind; an Active effort of another, along the lines of suggestion; thought

vibrations from the mind of another; thought vibrations from an ancestor, transmitted by the laws of heredity (including vibrations transmitted from generation to generation from the time of the original vibratory impulse imparted by the Primal Cause).

There is in nature an instinctive tendency of living organisms to perform certain actions; the tendency of an organized body to seek that which satisfies the wants of its organism. This tendency is sometimes called appetency. It is of the nature of a Passive mental impulse originating with the impetus imparted by the Primal Cause, at the beginning, and transmitted along the lines of evolutionary development, gaining strength and power as it progresses. The impulse communicated by the Primal Cause is assisted by the powerful attraction toward higher things exerted by THE ABSOLUTE.

In plant life this tendency is plainly discernible, ranging from the lesser exhibitions in the lower types, to the greater exhibitions in the higher types. It is that which is generally spoken of as the "life force" in plants. It is, however, a manifestation of rudimentary mentation, functioning along the lines of Passive effort. In some of the higher forms of plant life there appears to be a faint color of independent "life action," a faint indication of choice or volition. Writers on the subject of plant life relate many interesting instances of this phenomenon. This is, undoubtedly, an exhibition of rudimentary Active mentation.

In the lower animal kingdom a very high degree of Passive mental effort is found. And, varying in degree according to the several species, a considerable amount of Active mentation is apparent. This exhibition of volitional mental func-

and the body soon regains its former vitality.

The habits of sleep vary much among the different members of the animal kingdom.

Man being about the only creature that can make himself secure from his enemies during sleep, and thus be able to give himself entirely up to his slumbers, he sleeps much more soundly than the lower animals. Many of the latter being compelled to "keep on the watch" habitually, sleep very lightly.

The various attitudes which different creatures assume during sleep is attributed to their varying surroundings and to such traces as may remain from the habits of their ancestors.

The orang-outang, the highest developed of the lower animals, by being able to sleep in a nest far from any danger, is the only animal who habitually sleeps upon his back.

The chimpanzees, gorillas and lower forms of monkeys either sleep upon their sides or in a sitting or crouching position.

Ruminating animals frequently sleep while chewing their cud, and it is rarely you will find them, when of mature age, with their eyes tightly closed or their heads resting upon the ground.

The horse, zebra and similar animals may sleep in a standing position, but generally rest with their legs folded under them.

The rhinoceros, hippopotamus and elephant, being too thick-jointed to assume this attitude, generally sleep upon their sides like a pig.

The bear and kangaroo have no regularity in their positions during sleep—any manner of resting being suitable to their slumbers.

The sloth and certain varieties of bats sleep suspended by their hooked claws, this act not requiring any muscular exertion, the shape of the claws being sufficient to support the weight of the animal.

The majority of birds when sleeping must cling to their perch, and many animals, such as monkeys, cling automatically to some support during sleep, and it is claimed from the fact that human infants sleep with their fingers shut tightly in the palms of their hands that it is an evidence of the tree age of their remote forefathers.

We find that the higher developed the creature may be, the sounder and longer the sleep, and vice versa; thus the lower vertebrates, such as reptiles, apparently sleep hardly at all. An exception to this rule might be made in regard to the dormant state sometimes assumed by certain animals, and properly termed hibernation, in which condition they continue for various lengths of time and in various degrees of torpidity.

Bears, bats, certain rodents, as the dormouse, porcupine and squirrel, all members of the classes of amphibia and reptilia, as lizards, turtles, frogs and snakes, and many varieties of insects and molluscs conceal themselves in suitable places and there hibernate more or less completely.

The temperature of the body during this period may go to a point but little above that of the surrounding atmosphere. The heartbeat and respiration often become exceedingly feeble and the animal appears as if dead, and sometimes can only be awakened by strong electric shocks.

It is claimed that certain reptiles when kept in an artificially low temperature may continue in this condition for years.

Animals who hibernate generally commence when cold weather comes on and food becomes scarce, and pass the winter months in this condition, during which time they absorb such fat as has been previously stored up in different parts of the body, and when aroused in the spring are very lean and hungry.

In hot countries serpents and crocodiles pass the months of greatest heat in a similar state as the animals of colder climates do the winter, and in this case the term aestivation is applied.

As to the time of ordinary sleep, there is no doubt if animals subsisted wholly upon vegetable diet the hours given up to slumber would be those of the night, but when we consider that many animals are compelled to go about under cover of darkness for fear of their enemies, and the latter must of necessity look for their prey at this time, we see the real cause of these nocturnal habits.

Man and all animals who habitually sleep during the night and are active during the day are found to deteriorate in health and working abilities when this order of affairs is reversed.

The average man spends one-third of his life in this unconscious condition. The division of time recommended by Alfred the Great is as advisable as any that has been presented to mankind: "Eight hours for work, eight hours for recreation, and eight hours for sleep."

Although this maxim may apply to the great mass of humanity, there are persons who seemingly require far less sleep than others, and well authenticated cases could be cited where individuals have remained without sleep for considerable time without any apparent injury. Many days could be passed by Bonaparte with only a few hours' sleep, and Frederick the Great lim-

ited himself to five hours of rest daily. Professor Max Muller relates the following words as coming from the lips of Alexander Von Humboldt: "As I get old," said Humboldt, "I want more sleep, four hours at least. When I was young, two hours were quite enough for me."

Brunel, the engineer, only required a few hours' sleep in an armchair to refresh him for his twenty hours daily work.

But this long continued absence of sleep is attended with danger, as is shown in some cases where it has been followed by a profound sleep that has known no awakening.

Sleep does not always consult our wishes or conveniences, but often comes per force sometimes when in the most unseemly places.

Many have slept while on horseback, and instances are related of sailors falling asleep on the gundeck while their ship was in action.

When the French were retreating from Moscow they often would fall asleep while on the march and could only be aroused by the dreaded cry, "The Cossacks are coming," and even tortured persons have slept on the rack during the intervals of their torture.

Such are the imperative demands of nature for sleep that when this balm of comfort is denied, and an inability to sleep takes possession of one's resting hours, it is often the forerunner of insanity.

Periods of rest are required in every part of the body where active changes are being carried on, and although these periods vary much as to duration, they generally preserve a rather close uniformity when compared with the periods of work. Thus in the case of the heart, each alternating period occupies one-half second, and as this rule is universal, or nearly so,

it also applies to the other organs, as the lungs, stomach and brain. The interval of rest in the latter is the most noticeable of all because of its accompanying condition, sleep.

The circulation of the blood is decidedly altered during sleep. Nature appropriates this opportunity to give the heart still greater repose, with the result that it makes ten less strokes per minute when reclining than when in the upright position, and by computation we find that in eight hours passed in lying down about five thousand strokes of the heart are saved, and as there is six ounces of blood to each stroke, it pumps thirty thousand ounces less of blood during this time than if in the upright posture.

As this retardation of the circulation produces a corresponding decrease in the temperature, extra covering is always needed when lying down.

This diminution of the circulation is well marked in the case of the brain, and experiments along this line have proven that during sleep there is a decided anemia of the brain substance.

By exposing a portion of the brain surface of living animals, and the exposed area being covered by a watch glass, Durham proved that the brain became visibly pale during sleep.

Any agent or condition that causes this cerebral anemia has a tendency to produce drowsiness, and vice versa, that which produces an increase of circulation to the brain tends toward wakefulness.

The most noticeable factor in the former class is the increased action of assimilation, and this explains the well-known phenomena of the feeling of drowsiness often realized after a hearty meal. During sleep the assimilating processes go on with much greater rapidity than during waking hours.

When the mind is active it requires a greater blood supply than when dormant, with a corresponding lessening in the blood supply to the organs of assimilation.

Durham in his "Physiology of Sleep" observes that "During sleep there is a noticeable increase of blood in the stomach and other abdominal viscera."

With a tide-like motion is the circulation affected by this interchange of activities. When one gains ascendancy the other must go down.

Actors, singers, speakers, and those in whose professions there are certain times when an extra mental strain is required of them, find they are best fitted for this mental exertion by previously partaking of only very light refreshments. For with mental activity goes increased circulation in the brain, and if the assimilating organs are demanding this blood to do their work, it is of greater difficulty for the brain to acquire the arterial supply that is necessary to accomplish this extra labor that is imposed upon it.

Everything that favors the approach of sleep also favors the act of assimilation, such as quiet surroundings and lack of exciting elements as fatiguing mental toil, worry of mind, great passion, sorrow, night watching, fright; in fact, all that which produces a stimulated or strained condition of the mind.

While the reverse state of affairs would not only banish sleep to a greater or lesser extent, it would also interfere with the processes of the abdominal organs.

In the first few months of a child's life the vegetative sphere predominates so thoroughly over the mental activities that most of its time is passed in sleep, and the periods of wakefulness increases as the mentality widens, and this extreme demand on the assimilating powers is somewhat relaxed.

Sleep may be produced by any artificial means that will produce anemia of the brain. Compression of carotid arteries will cause unconsciousness, and a thorough massage down the back and limbs may accomplish the same result. Certain drugs, as chloral, morphine, and chloroform, induce sleep by their anemic effect on the brain, while other drugs like belladonna and stramonium, when given in their physiological doses, dilate cerebral capillaries and produce wakefulness, congestion or maniacal delirium.

The effects of heat and cold to produce sleep are well known. Heat to the extremities, by diverting an extra amount of arterial blood to those parts, leaves the brain anemic, and the application of cold to the head diminishes the cerebral afflux, resulting in same condition.

It has been demonstrated that in fatal sleep produced by extreme cold the brain is often found exsanguineous.

A careful survey of the physiological field as it pertains to sleep teaches us one

great lesson, and that is, whatever produces anemia of the brain tends to produce sleep, and vice versa.

Conditions of coma or stupor found in certain extreme cases of cerebral pressure from congestion of blood or from foreign object is not by any means sleep, but an unconscious state of an abnormal nature occurring in cases of injuries to the head, sunstroke, apoplexy, uremia, scarlatina, etc., and from such drugs as would produce an engorgement of the cerebral capillaries.

Although physiology can teach us much about sleep, it does not to any great extent elucidate the phenomena of dreams and somnambulism. Psychology alone is capable of reaching within this realm of the soul and of bringing forth such knowledge as will make clear to the human intellect the mysterious workings of those occult conditions that are so active during that great portion of the human life which is spent in the land of sleep.

(To be continued.)

SERIES OF IMPERSONATIONS.

BY E. H. PRATT, M. D., 100 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

IMPERSONATION No. 2—THE ARTERIAL MAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Well, here I am, just as my brother form, the muscular man, promised you.

Although the bony, muscular, and all other human shapes have left me and I am before you alone, separated completely from the rest of my family, the human form which I constitute is a very perfect one, for my blood vessels permeate every part of the human being.

If I belonged to the vegetable kingdom my proper classification would be the tree

of life, my heart constituting the roots, my aorta, which was my main artery, the trunk, and all the rest of my arteries branching from this in every conceivable direction, the branches growing finer and finer as they approached their varied destinations in the other tissues until ultimately they terminated in a net-work of vascular loops which connected me with the venous man, so fine in caliber as to be indistinguishable by the naked eye, and called the capillaries. These would proper-

ly be called the leaves of the tree of life. The figure is not a bad one, for in the historical tree its leaves were for the healing of the nations, so my capillaries were for the healing and building up of the entire physical man. By the way, I never have had the opportunity of looking in the glass, and it would not serve any purpose if I had, for my eyes are nothing but bloody eyes and I am as blind as a bat. But it occurs to me as my heart and larger arteries are large enough to be seen by the naked eye and my capillaries in which my small arterioles terminate in every part of the body are so fine as to be indistinguishable by the naked eye, my outlines, instead of being well defined as I appear before you, must fade out so gradually as to give me the appearance of being completely surrounded by a sort of halo. You might mistake my margins for a fine fuzz and think if I lived long enough I would feather out. But you would be wrong, as I can assure you that I have no closer relationship with the feathery tribe than I have with the rest of the physical creation, and my peculiar appearance in this respect is simply due to the fineness of the subdivision of my arteries as they disappear in the sea of capillaries which is their ultimate destination. You see at my periphery I, as it were, melt away into the invisible. My heart and most of my arteries are plainly visible, but as these grow smaller and fade out into the capillaries I become invisible. So in part you see me, but in part you do not see me.

You know that so far as my brothers and I are concerned we were all constructed of minute cells, varying in shape and size, but always so diminutive as to require the use of a microscope to bring them within the observation of the anat-

omist. There could be no skin man, areolar man, nervous man, muscular man, or any other kind of a man unless cells were employed in his building, just as bricks are employed in the building of a brick house. The cells of different kinds were closely molded together in such shapes as to constitute the various tissues out of which our whole body was constructed. Yet there was not a single cell in the entire human being the material for which had not been carried along my arteries out into my capillaries, and through these poured into the adjacent tissues. In consequence of this fact I used to flatter myself that I was the direct means by which our whole family of human shapes was in the first place constructed, and that in the same manner I was the direct agent through which all repairs were made.

Although I myself was called a perfect human shape, nevertheless I will have to admit that in some places a part of my shape was formed by bones, in all places the muscular man contributed to my formation, so also the venous, areolar, lymphatic, and both nervous men, in fact all the other human shapes had more or less to do with my building, and the knowledge of this fact was all that kept me probably from feeling a sense of superiority over my brother men. It seemed as though in a sense I was more important than they were, for I brought the material for the construction of every one of them, and I was continually supplying material for the extensive repairing which they all of them seemed to continually demand, and it kept me busy, I can tell you. The eyes wanted my blood, so did the ears and all of the parts of the head, neck, trunk and extremities, and I controlled the entire blood market and

gave my whole time to supplying it for the others to feed upon, taking, of course, for myself what little I needed for personal use. In supplying my own wants, however, I wish it distinctly understood that I never under any circumstances supplied myself from the general blood supply of which I had entire charge. This mass of liquid flesh, the blood, was entrusted to my keeping for the benefit of the whole family and I had to give an account of every drop which came into my channels. So instead of taking a mean advantage of this public treasury, as thousands of public officers in similar places of trust are so sorely tempted to do, I carried it to its destination, wherever it might be, completely unmolested and in as good condition as when I received it for transmission. Of course a certain amount of blood was necessary for my own building and repairing, but this was supplied by a separate set of blood vessels, called the *vasa vasorum*, and I put in my demands for nutriment by way of these minute blood vessels on the same plan as observed by the other members of our physical family. You see I was salaried. I was born honest, and I never betrayed a trust. Every bit of blood that was entrusted to my keeping was honestly given up again and my sole source of supply for my own necessities was what was allotted to me by the little system of *vasa vasorum*. As you see me tonight my blood has all been drawn off and I am nothing but a set of hollow tubes of various sizes, so arranged as to be rounded out into a very complete human form.

I have been called the arterial man for a good many years. When the first anatomist discovered me it was in a dead body, and as I am filled with blood only

during life, of course he found that I was hollow just as I am now and he thought I was full of air when carrying on my business in the body, and hence the name artery, from *aer*, signifying air. It strikes me as singular, now that anatomists know better, that this man's ignorance has not been wiped out of the text books and a name given me that was truer to life; but I have been called the arterial man so many years that I suppose my name will probably remain unchanged so long as physical creation lasts. But my continuing to bear the old name which the first anatomist in his ignorance gave me, shows one thing very plainly, that the mistakes of men are frequently indelibly stamped upon the ages which follow. The old anatomist is dead and forgotten, but because he thought I was full of air and therefore dubbed my branches arteries, therefore his anatomical blunder seems destined to advertise ignorance for all time.

I am not the only instance of such bad naming in the human organism, but I do not like it just the same, and although there is little hope that my branches will ever be called anything but arteries I thought I would take this opportunity to register my grievance. For the reason that it is a misnomer I do not like the term artery in spite of the fact that I cannot help it and expect to endure it for the rest of time. I do not know that it matters much, however, if you all understand that, although my tubes are said to contain nothing but air when our family of forms has ceased its activities and begins to disintegrate (being what is commonly termed as dead), when in the living state and ready for the business of the world there is not a bubble of air in me, but I am completely filled, from

heart to capillaries, with that great bright red fluid of life known as human blood. (I carry black blood also, but only a short distance.) My heart, like my arteries, is a hollow organ, located in the lower part of the chest, inclining to the left side. Its point is downward and toward the left, extending two and a half inches to the left of the middle line and as low as the intercostal space between the fifth and sixth ribs of the bony man, its base directed upward and to the right, extending as high as the costal cartilages of the third rib and one and a half inches to the right of the middle line. This brought the body of my heart behind the breast bone or sternum.

I sometimes thought that my lot was a hard one, because I had no opportunity to rest from one end of life to the other. There was such a steady demand for the blood which I contained that I had to keep the stream in motion day and night, winter and summer, year in and year out—until myself and my brother forms gave up the ghost and passed into dissolution—from sixty to seventy times per minute in health, and in disease from twenty to one hundred and eighty times per minute, (which was about as fast as could be counted). The pulsations of my heart and the throbs of my arteries must be perpetually made as ordered by one or both of the nervous men.

I dealt in two kinds of blood. The blood which was poured into the left auricle of the heart, (that being the upper compartment of the heart on the left side) as it came fresh from the lungs, was thoroughly oxygenated if the lungs had done their duty, and was bright red in color. As soon as the auricle was full its muscular coat contracted and forced it down into the left ventricle of the

heart, the opening between the auricle and ventricle, which was called the left auriculo-ventricular opening, guarded by what was known as the mitral valve in such a manner that when the left ventricle contracted, which it did just as soon as it was full, the valve was completely closed, so that it was impossible for the blood to be forced back in the direction from which it came. This compelled it to pass upward into what was known as the arch of my aorta, which is the largest blood vessel of my form, and then it passed through numberless channels to its destination in my capillaries. At the same time that the left side of the heart was thus forcing the blood all over the body a similar function was being performed by the right side of my heart, only the blood which the right side of my heart handled was black or venous blood, and instead of pumping it to all parts of the body as the left side of my heart did, the blood which it contained was only sent as far as the lungs by means of my pulmonary artery with its branches and capillaries. You see the blood was poured into the right auricle of my heart by means of the two big central branches of the venous man, the superior vena cava bringing the black polluted stream of blood from the upper part of the body and the inferior vena cava bringing the same kind of blood from the lower part of the body. As soon as these streams had filled the right auricle of my heart, its walls contracted, forcing it through the right auriculo-ventricular opening into the right ventricle of the heart. This opening between my right auricle and ventricle is guarded by what is known as the tricuspid valve, whose arrangement is quite similar to that of the mitral valve of the left side, so that when my right

ventricle contracted the blood did not leak back into the right auricle of my heart, but passed through the pulmonary artery to the lungs. The two halves of my heart worked with a uniform rhythm. My auricles were filled and emptied, as were also my ventricles, at the same instant, although the left side handled the bright red or arterial, and the right side the dark red, or venous blood. The walls of my auricles are of about the same thickness, for the distance which they had to carry the blood was the same on the two sides of my heart, being merely from the auricles down into the ventricles. But with the ventricles it was different. My left ventricle had to pump the blood as high as the head and as low as the feet and as far out as the ends of the fingers and everywhere between, while my right ventricle only had to carry the blood as far as the lungs. That was why the muscular walls of my left ventricle were about three times as thick as the walls of my right ventricle. But they always contracted at just the same time, so that a superficial observer would scarcely suspect there being such a difference in their functions. When my ventricles contracted the blood was forced out into my two largest arteries, namely, the aorta, which received the bright red blood from my left ventricle, and my pulmonary artery, which received the black blood from my right ventricle, with tremendous force; indeed it started a wave which throbbed through every artery of my organization and did not stop until it reached the great sea of my capillaries. You can imagine with what speed the blood rushed along my hollow walls when you stop to think that the ventricles were completely emptied in a full grown persons from sixty to seventy times per minute, and that a

blood corpuscle could make a complete circuit of the circulation, starting from the left side of the heart, passing along the arteries as far as any of the capillaries, back through the veins, through the right auricle of my heart, down into my right ventricle, to the lungs, back from the lungs into my left auricle, and down again to my left ventricle, where it started from, in about two minutes' time. This is not quite as quick as an electrical or a thought wave, but it was an accomplishment of which I was quite proud. Some would regard my work as very monotonous, as this had to be kept up as a steady thing, in sickness and in health, during activity as well as repose, as a regular supply of blood was demanded by every one of our human forms throughout life, and I am one of the shapes that was never permitted to rest either day or night. I was always deeply interested in my work, however. I could never tell where my blood came from nor where it went to, as I was always in the habit of minding my own business and simply performed my duty of passing it on. But I knew that life and death for our whole family depended upon my personal efforts and I was keenly alive to the responsible position in which I was placed. Sometimes the muscular fibers through imperfect connection with the nervous men would either shut down too tightly and narrow the caliber of some of my arteries or else let them stand too wide open from a condition known as paralysis. In either case my blood stream would be obstructed, my precious burden would not reach its destination, and as I knew I would be blamed if my imperfectly performed function was ever found out I suffered all the tortures of a messenger who had an important mission entrusted to his keep-

ing and which he was not able to execute. The organs or tissues that relied upon my affected arteries for their customary blood supply, failing to receive it, would starve and sicken and set up serious mischief for the whole family, for the organs of our body are so closely associated that suffering in any part was communicated more or less perfectly and immediately to all other parts, and when one of our family was sick we were all sick. A knowledge of this fact was sufficient incentive to me to do my whole duty by my family and left no stone unturned so far as I was concerned to complete a well rounded physical career. My conscience has always been clear. My nervous brothers, the cerebro-spinal and sympathetic men, could not always agree as to how hard I should work, and in consequence my orders were frequently contradictory and this always made trouble. I was fretted a good deal in this way, and when there was any serious difficulty from this cause my nervous brothers always had to come to some sort of an understanding before my functions could be again properly established. I got very tired sometimes and would have liked to have been relieved from such steady employment, but it was useless to complain, as there was no one else to do my work. My duty was a very exacting and trying one. If I accomplished my work too fast or too slow, or became the least bit unsteady in it, my whole family was upset and disaster to us all was sure to follow sooner or later.

I had nothing to do with returning the blood from either the lungs or the other tissues to my heart, as I had a twin brother, the venous man, who accomplished this function. It was all that I could do to distribute the blood from the heart

to the lungs and to the other tissues. I will say nothing of its return, as my venous brother is perfectly capable of speaking for himself and will present his autobiography to you at your next meeting.

If I had given you the impression that my heart was the sole propelling power of the great blood stream which rushed along my channels permit me now to correct it. My arteries, which extend from my heart to my capillaries, whether they are large or small, consist of three separate coats. The innermost coat or tunica intima, as it is called, is a serous membrane continuous at one extremity with the lining of the heart, and at the other with the capillaries. Its surface is covered with what is known as pavement epithelium, so as to render it perfectly smooth in order that the rush of blood might find no obstacle in its way. My outer coat, called the tunica adventitia, is a membrane furnished me by the areolar man for my comfort and protection from the encroachment of my fellow shapes. It holds me in place by its attachments to the sheaths which encase me and makes a soft bed for me to lie in, besides adding to my strength and elasticity. If one coat is more important than the others perhaps it is my middle coat, which has been woven for me through the kindness of my brother, the muscular man. The fibers thus furnished for me by my muscular brother for my middle coat are all of the involuntary type, and they are arranged about my tubes in layers. Although the fibers themselves are very short, by over lapping they constitute a thick heavy tunic, which forms most of my thickness. In these layers the fibers on the outside are arranged longitudinally, and when they contract shorten the

artery which they surround, while those of the inner layers pass around the caliber of the artery in a circular manner, so that when they contract they narrow the caliber of whatever artery they surround. By this arrangement I was capable of peristaltic action, just like the sweat glands or intestinal tract, or any other of the tubes of the body, concerning which my brother form, the muscular man, has already spoken to you.

Now all the heart had to do was to pump the blood into my arteries, the left ventricle into my aorta and the right ventricle into my pulmonary artery. Just as soon as this was accomplished I have three little valves in each of these arteries right close to the heart which immediately closed, so that it was impossible for the ventricle when the heart was relaxed to receive the blood back again. These valves in their appearance resemble a half moon, and are consequently called the semilunar valves. Any who wish may examine them at the close of my talk. When the blood attempted to rush back into my heart after the contraction of my ventricles, it found its way behind these valves and threw them together suddenly with a click, known as the second sound of the heart. But they were equal to their task, and when my ventricles had once emptied themselves my semilunar valves were immediately closed and not a drop leaked back. To be sure my heart acted with considerable force and sent a tremendous wave out into my arteries. But this wave would soon cease and by no means be expected to rush as far as my capillaries if the middle coats of my arteries did not first relax to receive the approaching wave, and then immediately contract and continue the impulse along my entire arterial length. The heart

started the impulse which made my arteries pulsate, but my arteries themselves kept up the throb by their rhythmical peristaltic action until my muscular coat stopped and the innumerable small streams of blood found themselves lost in the ocean of my capillaries. There was no pulse beat in my capillaries, but there was in every other part of my structure, and I want you to understand that the heart did not deserve all the credit for my universal pulse.

You see the blood which I contained was really the liquid person. None of my brothers could ever have taken shape except for me. I held all the tissues of every one of them in solution, and was responsible not only for the crude physical material out of which they were all constructed, but also for the vitality which supplied them with the very ideals by which they were each and all of them built. The blood stream was truly the river of life, which was immediately responsible for every type of organic function and physical activity, whether of growth or repair. A knowledge of this fact would have been likely to inflict me with my own importance if it had not involved also a deep sense of the responsibility of my office, for our entire family of bodily shapes were charges placed in my keeping, and so keenly did I feel the importance of my function that I had no time for conceit or pride of position. The fact of the matter was that we were all mutually dependent upon each other, and in reality no member of our wonderful family of human forms could be spared without destroying the entire family, and hence as this fact was known to all of us, conceit was not one of our temptations. We never debated the question as to who was the greatest, but simply went on

each with the duties allotted to him to the best of his ability, always working in harmony, each for the benefit of the others. We were never unhappy unless some one of us was sick, and we were so closely united that when one of us was sick we all suffered in common, a fact that will be considered more at length by one or more of my brothers who will speak to you later on.

You will observe that I am one of the tubular members of our body, and that my service to our human being was performed by peristaltic action. In this capacity I enjoyed a distinction over all the other tubes except my twin, the venous man, and also the lymphatic man. For instance, there were the sweat glands, sebaceous glands, mucous glands, kidneys, ureters and bladder, the intestinal tract, the uterus, vagina, and testicles, and the bronchial tubes, all of which performed their functions by peristaltic action the same as I did. The muscular fibers by which these peristalses were accomplished in all of the tubular organs, myself included, were of the involuntary type and the muscular fibers were under the control of the sympathetic nervous man, the cerebro-spinal man controlling the voluntary muscles only. Thus you will readily see that peristaltic action, which was the mode of activity employed by the tubes of our body, was presided over by the sympathetic man. In this respect my own peristaltic actions enjoyed a special distinction from that accorded the other and less consequential tubes. My muscular coat consisted of involuntary fibers just as all other tubes did. But the nervous force which kept them in rhythmic operation was not supplied solely by the sympathetic nerve. The cerebro-spinal system sent out innumerable tendrils, which,

joining with similar ones from the sympathetic, mingled together in a net-work of entangling fibers, which were twined about my entire structure from heart to capillaries, constituting a special set of nerves known as the vasomotor system. By this arrangement you will see at once that while the rest of the tubes of the body had directly but one source of nervous supply upon which all their operations depended, namely, the sympathetic, in my own case I was under the direct influence of both nervous systems. My nervous brothers will each of them address you in due time, but right here it will do no harm to mention one or two of their characteristics, as this seems necessary to explain why I was under the control of both of them, and also why my regular business was frequently interfered with until sometimes I scarcely knew whether I was afoot or horseback, so to speak. This fact also explains our premature death.

You should know that my cerebro-spinal brother was a very self-conscious fellow. He saw and heard and smelt and tasted and felt our way through the world and based his orders on a judgment which resulted from his various observations. When he was level-headed and serene all went well, but let him become possessed of cranky notions, as he did too frequently for the good of the family, and he was sure to get us all into trouble. So far as I was concerned I did not mind his commanding me to enlarge the caliber of my facial arteries and suffuse our composite face with blushes, for blushing is but an accomplishment of modesty. But when he was fearful and got over-anxious and kept us all awake nights and worked us too hard, when he took a moody view of events over which he had no control and

distressed the whole family with his lamentations, and especially when he went beyond this and got mad he could do us all more harm in a minute than could be undone in a week. It was a good thing for us that he could boss us around only during waking hours, as he was very erratic, hard headed and inconsiderate. He made mistakes enough for us all and we really never succeeded in being a happy family until all the conceit and self-will to which he was prone was taken out of him by the incidents and accidents of time and he became thoroughly imbued with the only true inspiration of correct living which was embodied in the submissive prayer, "Thy will and not mine be done." All through the first part of our life he and God seemed to differ and his determination was evidently "My will and not Thine be done," and it took a good many disappointments and disasters, in which the whole family of us was involved, to teach him the fallacy of attempting to become a law unto himself, and that his business was to obey laws rather than to attempt to make them. Later on in our experience he became more Christian-like, and as he did so we got on better. It was a happy day for us when he surrendered, for we were all at his mercy and the burden of his mistakes always fell upon me especially, or at least so it seemed to me. He would repeatedly call upon me for more activity than I was capable of and got me all out of rhythm until I was many a time more distressed and discouraged than I can possibly tell you. Our family troubles, I am satisfied, all had their beginning in his mistaken conceptions of life and its purposes. But I have no complaints to offer. He was our elder brother, and without him our existence would not have been possible, and we were

all satisfied that his mistakes were those of ignorance, which he was only too glad to correct as soon as he learned better. He knew very well that whatever he had in his head was of supreme importance to us and on all occasions I am satisfied that he did the best by us that he could, and all that I want to say is that as he grew wiser the rest of us invariably grew happier and healthier.

The sympathetic man, who was always on duty day and night from birth to death, was not at all self-conscious or erratic in his management of us. His business was simply to find out what the various members of the family needed and do the best he could in the way of supplying it. He was regular in his habits and tireless in his energy. He sympathized very deeply with the troubles of the cerebro-spinal man, but nevertheless had a mind of his own, which was greatly to our advantage, for without his steady influence none of us would have had sufficient courage for a single day's work. It was under his masterly management that all our work of building and repair was carried on and the various rhythms of the organs established and maintained. He never slept nor rested, but was always at his post of duty, issuing whatever orders were necessary for the performance of the various bodily functions. We had jolly comfortable times nights. He was of an uncomplaining nature and did the best he could with the forces at his command, regardless of the incidents and accidents of our human experience. Sometimes our cerebro-spinal brother would submit to his management and then all would be well with us. But this was not always the case, and when our cerebro-spinal brother succeeded in disarranging the plans of our sympathetic man there

was trouble in store for all of us. But even in such crises of our existence our sympathetic brother stood right by us and did the best he could. The vasomotor system of nerves which dominated my personal activity would receive some pretty severe orders from the cerebro-spinal man, but when disaster threatened the sympathetic man would modify them so as to make life tolerable and trouble was thus frequently averted and our continued existence made possible. These nervous brothers of mine will each speak for themselves after a short time, and so it is unnecessary for me to say more to you now concerning them. My best and dearest and most reliable and helpful companion in all the years of my existence, however, I wish to tell you right now was my sympathetic brother. He was a quiet fellow and was never properly appreciated by doctors or laymen, but his time is coming, if indeed it has not already come, and matters are going to be better than they were, for he knows laws and every human being had better listen to his counsels if he wishes to get on well. Of course our family of forms are all fond of each other, but I can tell you that our sympathetic man is the brother whose voice needs to be heard, and I advise you to give him careful audience when he speaks.

Perhaps you have observed in looking at me that my arteries seldom pursue a straight course, but are more or less tortuous in their appearance. The reason for this was to adapt them for the different positions and conditions of the parts which they supplied. In organs which vary greatly in size and position at different times my arteries are much more tortuous than where but little mobility or change of position is expected. My large arteries are always run out to their destination in

as direct a course as possible. In the extremities they wind about so as to lie along the flexor side of the limbs, only such branches as are absolutely necessary being sent off on the side of the extensors. There are no large arteries along the back of my head, neck, trunk or limbs. Of course my capillaries are everywhere, as the nature of their function renders this indispensable. But everywhere in the body my position is always as direct as possible on account of the importance of my mission. The whole family realize my importance and favor me accordingly. All of them would fight for me in a minute if they had to, and I tell you it scares them when I suffer violence and the blood which I carry is spilled out or obstructed.

A few of my brothers have tissue so characteristic of them as to give them a marked individuality. Especially is this the case with my bony, my muscular, my areolar brothers. But for myself, I seem to be constructed entirely from elements borrowed from other members of my family. I am under especial obligations to the areolar and to the muscular men. The forms of most of the other men are closely entangled in the meshes of my own construction, just as our forms are all more or less closely blended together. But I could retain my shape and personal identity and spare all my brothers except the bony, muscular, areolar, and skin men. Without these I could not and would not exist. My sympathetic brother, who, as you will understand from what I have said, is very close to my heart, contributes but little to my shape. The understanding between us, however, is just as close as though his outward form were a larger part of my own.

Ladies and gentlemen, I feel that I have already severely taxed your patience

with my long story, and so will bring my remarks to a close. I have said nothing of how I have suffered in the way of sickness, acute and chronic, but I think you will understand that, like my brothers, I, too, am mortal, and consequently subject to all the conditions of mortality, having much to do with the health and sickness, the growth and repair, of all the human shapes with whom I am associated, and am liable to all their sorrows as well as their joys, to all their diseases as well as their recoveries. I have a few troubles peculiar to myself, but do not deem the

present occasion a proper time for their consideration, as my story has already been a long one. So, thanking you for your presence and thoughtful attention, I bid you good day, feeling sure that if you have been interested in my personal history in spite of its incompleteness and other imperfections, you will take a still deeper interest in the impersonations of my brother forms, who are yet to be heard from.

The next shape to speak to you will be my twin brother, the venous man.

—*Journal of Orificial Surgery.*

A CASE OF HYSTERO-EPILEPSY AND ITS TREATMENT.

BY HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D., 4020 DREXEL BOUL., CHICAGO, ILL.

A "graduated" patient of mine called on me one morning to ask if I could do anything for the 16-year-old daughter of a friend. She said the girl suffered intensely at her menstrual periods, and had attacks which were said to be epilepsy. I asked about the patient's general health and inquired carefully as to whether she suffered from constipation, dyspepsia, etc., but as I could get no satisfactory details, I said it would be necessary to see the patient personally in order to give a positive opinion. She then informed me that she had come on her own responsibility and that she did not know if she could arrange to bring the patient in person, as the mother had fully made up her mind to have the daughter undergo an operation, within a few days, at the hands of a physician who had looked after her for some time. I told my caller that if the patient had poor circulation, suffered from

headaches, constipation, dyspepsia, cold hands and feet, etc., that I could benefit her greatly and that, if present, these troubles should be removed before an operation was attempted, since these troubles could be overcome by suggestive treatment and if an operation were absolutely necessary the patient would be in much better condition to undergo the ordeal.

The day following, the mother called with her daughter. As I shook hands with the patient, I found the hand extended to me to be cold and clammy. The patient was tall for her age and looked anaemic. I was informed that the operations suggested were stretching of the sphincter ani muscle and dilatation of the os uteri. The former to overcome the constipation, the latter to relieve the painful menstruation. It was supposed that with the relief of these troubles and the

physical stimulation following the operations the "fits" would disappear.

By close questioning I obtained the following history. The patient, aged sixteen, had never been very strong. She had suffered for five years from constipation and had complained frequently during this time of distress after eating, and palpitation of the heart. Menstruation commenced at the age of twelve and had always been irregular and the flow scanty. She had always suffered with cold hands and feet and contracted "colds" readily. She suffered almost continually from headache. The eyes tired easily, and she had nasal catarrh. Memory and concentration were poor, she was excessively nervous and complained of dizziness. The kidneys were not very active, the skin was dry, and the pulse rapid and feeble. She had fainted several times in her life and for two years had suffered every week or two with what her mother called convulsions or "spasms," but which several doctors had said was a mild form of epilepsy. I asked if she ever lost consciousness during the spasms. The mother said yes, but on questioning the patient closely she admitted that she always knew what was being said and done around her. I also elicited the fact that the spasms came on if she became very nervous or was "crossed" in any way. Neither of her parents had ever enjoyed robust health and an older sister suffered from constipation and painful menstruation. The patient ate very little and drank but a small quantity of fluids in the day. She had been treated by many physicians, all of whom had prescribed different diets and given her a great variety of medicines in the form of sedatives and tonics. She had not improved under any of these

treatments and finally the operations were suggested; it being claimed that the contracted sphincters were sufficient to account for all her troubles.

From this history, I diagnosed the case mentally as follows: Here is a patient born into an environment in which the persons upon whom she depends have no idea of the requirements for health and she has heard of little but aches, complaints and poor health all her life. The parents, not knowing how to live correctly, this child has grown up with incorrect habits. Having been sickly, always, she has been petted and fussed over until she thinks of nothing but herself and sickness. She has been so dependent that she is highly suggestible. Every whim has been gratified and when crossed in the least she attains her object by having a "spasm." I am sure I shall find her highly suggestible. Having incorrect habits of living, I can account for the dyspepsia and constipation. The three great essentials for perfect health are plenty of fresh air, proper and sufficient food, and, for a girl of this age, at least three pints of fluids per day. This patient is narrow chested, has very shallow breathing, eats but little and drinks insufficient fluids. She is bloodless, but this can be accounted for by the lack of fluids and food. The blood supply being stinted accounts for the constipation and irregular menstruation. The bile, which is the normal purgative, depends for its existence upon the blood in the body, and the amount secreted depends upon the quantity of blood. The deficient blood supply has stinted the amount of bile and other intestinal secretions, and constipation is the result of the general condition and is not caused by a contracted sphincter muscle. The weak

eyes are a result of imperfect nutrition and the nasal catarrh is a symptom of imperfect nutrition to the mucous membrane. Memory and concentration are brain functions and the brain, also, sharing in the general impoverishment, these functions are impaired. Every impulse from the brain is feeble for the same reason, and none of the organs whose center is situated in the brain is receiving healthy impulses. The cold hands are merely an indication of her general condition, while the painful menstruation which has advisedly been called a "constipation of the uterus," will disappear if that organ can be properly nourished. From the description of the "spasms," the patient's general condition and her environment, I believe these attacks are hysterical, and if I find her highly suggestible my diagnosis will be hystero or feigned epilepsy, attributable to her general physical condition and her sympathetic environment.

Having soliloquized thus, I asked the patient to close her eyes, pressed on her eyelids for a moment and then declared positively that she could not open her eyes and commanded her to try. She made an effort to open them but did not succeed. Next I told her that my finger would burn her hand and on touching her hand with my finger she pulled her hand away as though it had actually been burnt, notwithstanding the absurdity of my statement. I then told her to open her eyes and, looking straight into her eyes, I said positively, "You were sound asleep then." Whereupon she said "Yes! I was sound asleep." I said "Well, you were not actually in a sound sleep." She said "No, not a sound sleep." I then said "Well, to tell the truth, you were not asleep at all." "No," she said, "I was not

asleep at all." This experiment proved to me that the patient was a somnambule (hypnotic) and that she acquiesced in everything said to her when her attention was concentrated by someone she felt was strong willed. This high degree of suggestibility confirmed my idea that her trouble was hystero epilepsy and I became confident that I could relieve all her troubles by a few weeks' suggestive treatment.

Taking the mother into another room, I told her my ideas about the case and advised her to bring her daughter for a month's treatment.

[NOTE—This patient was perfectly cured after one month's treatment, every symptom disappearing and she has not had a moment's sickness in over six months. The detailed treatment will be given in the January number of this magazine.]

(To be continued.)

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EDITORIAL.

Our Monthly Chat.

We wound up our last monthly chat by saying something about Success treatments. We have been thinking, lately, that some of these Success practitioners seem to have demonstrated the virtue of their respective treatments upon themselves. Take the case of "Mother Eddy," for instance. It is true that she does not say much about Success in her teachings, but many of her followers claim that a refusal to accept the "belief" of Poverty, will bring them "opulence," which is about the same thing that the several Mental Science teachers hold. Now, "Mother Eddy" is a brilliant success. No doubt about that, no matter what we may think of her teachings or her methods. She has "arrived," without a doubt. The Eddyite church is a close corporation, and, in the words of the street, "Mother Eddy" is "It." She manages everything herself, directing what books shall be read by the faithful, and has an Index Expurgata of her own. No pope ever ruled with a firmer hand, and the governing ability displayed by her is equalled only by the inimitable and "only" Rev. Dr. John Alexander Dowie.

General Overseer of "Zion" (P. O. Address, Chicago, Ill.). If you would be interested in an account of the state of imperialistic power to which the female pope has attained, just read the following clipping from the *New York World*.

MRS. EDDY VISITS THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE FAIR.

"A surprise and decided sensation at the grounds of the New Hampshire State Fair Association, this afternoon, was the appearance of Mrs. Eddy before a throng of 30,000 persons comprising people from all parts of New England.

"She had been invited by Governor Frank W. Rollins, president of the association, and other executive officers, to visit the fair during the week, and this morning a notification of the acceptance of the invitation was sent by Mrs. Eddy.

"Mrs. Eddy reached the fair grounds at 3 o'clock. A horse race about to be started was deferred, and the announcement through the big megaphone told the multitude that they were about to see the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. There was a slight cheer. Soon could be seen approaching the grand stand the carriage of Mrs. Eddy, escorted by an aide-de-camp from the staff of Governor Rollins and attended by a guard of mounted police.

"In her beautiful victoria carriage, drawn by her favorite bay horses, Mrs. Eddy was

driven upon the race track and made a complete circuit thereof. At first there was a hush, as all eyes were bent in the direction from which the carriage approached, and as the distinguished visitor passed before the grand stand some cheered, many bared their heads and there was a waving of handkerchiefs.

"Mrs. Eddy's face was lighted with radiant smiles of appreciation for the reception accorded, while at times she leaned out of her carriage and nodded her recognition to the crowd about her. This is the first time in many years that Mrs. Eddy has appeared at any public function not connected with her church.

"Mrs. Eddy remained on the grounds three-quarters of an hour, and seemed especially delighted by the high-diving feat in which a diver falls eighty feet into a tank of water." The most surprising thing about the whole performance is that some of the more zealous devotees did not throw themselves under the wheels of the sacred chariot, and thus attain bliss and establish the American Juggernaut. It could not have hurt them, anyway, unless they entertained an erroneous "belief" in the materiality of the carriage and its sacred occupant. It is noted that the "Mother" seemed especially delighted by the high diving feat. She doubtless admired the *nerve* of the diver. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." She might have giving a striking demonstration of her wondrous power, by bidding the diver take a header for the solid earth and then, by holding the thought or speaking the Word for him, save him from injury. However, she did not thus cater to the vulgar curiosity of the mob, but preferred dwelling in the safer regions of pure metaphysical theory.

The account neglects to state that "Mother Eddy" bestowed her blessing upon the assembled multitude, but that is due, probably, to the fact that the correspondent was overcome by the emotions

caused by the impressive scene. We suppose that after the congregation recovered, the postponed "belief" in the horse race was resumed. It reminds us somewhat of a well-known "continuous performance" in a certain large city, in which, after "The Girl with the Auburn Hair" finishes singing "The Holy City," the famous knock-about team does its song and dance and rough-and-tumble act, receiving as much applause as the preceding act, and from the same audience. Sort of relieves the strain, you know.

While we are on the subject of Success, we dislike to pass by the above mentioned Rev. Dr. John Alexander Dowie, of Chicago, Ill., but really we do not see how we can group him with those giving success treatments, for the Rev. Dr. confines his success treatments to himself, and his followers all join in the "treatment" of the Gen. Overseer, to the tune of ten per cent of their income, we believe, which they call giving tithes. Nevertheless, John Alex. is a monumental—success. If you ever come to Chicago you must not fail to "take him in." John Alex. is something of a "taker in" himself. According to all accounts, he follows the old precept, and can say of many a pilgrim, "He was a stranger, and I took him in."

A splendid example of the acceptance of the old advice: "Physician, heal thyself," is found in the case of the well known Mental Science leader, Helen Wilmans. Mrs. Wilmans started out several years ago with a theory regarding the attainment of freedom by means of the securing of material wealth. She is perfectly candid about the matter, telling all that she values money for what it brings, and loses no chance to add to her store. She has written a most interesting book

entitled the "Conquest of Poverty," in which she sets forth her theory, and narrates, in detail, her varied experiences on the road to wealth. She shows the reader how she worked her way up from the time she gave up her position on a Chicago newspaper, and walked out into the snow-storm with but twenty-five cents in her pocket and no prospects except her belief in the attracting powers of her mind, and a strong belief in herself. She persevered, and if current reports are true she now enjoys an income of nearly, or quite \$50,000 per year. Pretty good demonstration, isn't it. There is nothing of the sanctimonious hypocrite about Helen Wilmans. As much as you may differ from her theories or opinions, you will admit that, if you read her writings. Her book, and journal, is full of stimulating, encouraging suggestions, which awaken confidence, courage and resolution in the average reader. It is no wonder that many accept her theories of the Law of Success, for it is extremely probable that anyone becoming enthused by her writings would go out into the world with renewed energy and would, by auto-suggestion, cultivate the qualities that are conducive to business success. Many a man has attributed his success to an encouraging word received in the midst of a struggle with fate, and one can readily understand how Helen Wilman has been the means of starting many a man or woman on the right road, by a word spoken just at the right time. It does not require any belief in her "Law" to see this. The following notice appears in her magazine "Freedom." It gives a very fair idea of her theory of Success treatments. The student of Suggestion, knowing its powers and the importance of auto-suggestion, can readily understand why a teacher like Mrs. Wilmans has

thousands of followers who claim to have obtained good results from her "treatments" for poverty. We like her candid statements and her apparent lack of desire to cloak herself with mysticism, mystery and miracle-working. It is a pity that more of the "success treatments" are not conducted on the same plan. The claims of some of the "treaters" remind one of the pretensions of a Middle-Age wonder-worker. It takes all kind of people to make the world, and all sorts of Success producers to suit the tastes of the people.

We almost forgot the clipping from Mrs. Wilman's journal, about her success treatments. Here it is:

CAN POVERTY BE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.

"It is being done by hundreds of mental healers all over the world. These healers—if honest—do not delude their patients by pretending to create money for them, or by leading them to expect an inheritance from some invalid relative. They know that the money-making power depends upon the self-confidence and intellectual ability of the person; and these depend, in a great measure upon vitality. Through a knowledge of mind control, the conquest of mind over matter, the healer can strengthen the will of the patient and make him so reliant on his own power—the patient's power—that his energy springs up in great force; his brain is stimulated so that fresh thought comes to him full of valuable suggestions, all pointing in the direction of his desire for success, and prompting him to greater efforts than he had ever manifested.

"Intelligent force, self-confidence, suggestiveness, the creative ability, and will power above all, can be successfully induced by one who is so firmly established in mind control as to be able to speak the word that unites the patient's mentality with the desire that infuses him.

"Poverty is a bitter thing, and it is as natural to want to get away from it as from disease. I said to myself, 'If there is anything in this new thought that is now interesting the reasoning public so much, then

some of its good must manifest itself in conquering my poverty. My entire thought was expended on these lines for years. "What shall a man do to master his conditions?" At last I mastered them; not by getting money in any abnormal way, but by the development of my self-confidence that showed me my own unbounded power (a power that every one possesses) and out of which came the ability to create wealth. There is nothing wrong in this. There is nothing reprehensible in letting it be known. In fact, it is a duty every true teacher owes the public; a duty when honestly performed that deserves to be paid for. I believe in honest pay for honest work.

"Friends, you can find healers all over the country now; there are many of them, and the number is increasing; and as they increase the wretchedness of the world decreases. I am one of them; I am proud of the ability I possess, and I spend hours in the day and night seeking through the power of constantly accumulating truth to learn more of this great science, so that I may be more, and become able to do more."

"HELEN WILMANS."

Here is what Thos. J. Shelton, editor of *Christian*, says in his last number, about the leaders of the several schools of the New Thought. Shelton is the Denver I AM, who puts in his time editing *Christian* and sending out "Vibrations" all over the world to anxious vibrates. If his vibrations are as strong as some of the articles in his journal, it is no wonder that they make the faithful follower "feel the thrill of life along his keel." We always "ground-wire" our exchange copy of *Christian*, the moment it arrives. It is dangerous to have its vibrations playing around the place. Before we adopted the present plan it had burned out three electric light carbons, disarranged the internal apparatus of our telephone, and sent in a fire alarm from the box on the corner below us. However, here is what Brother Shelton says:

"It has come at last! Mrs. Wilmans has organized Mental Science. She believes in

evolution and this movement came by the regular process of evolution. First Mrs. Eddy organized Christian Science. Then Mrs. Cramer organized Divine Science, and now Mrs. Wilmans has organized Mental Science. Kernel Sabin is trying to organize what he calls 'Reformed Christian Science.' I would not join Sabin, even if he were a general. In this movement women are in on the ground floor. When I get ready to join, I am going to annex myself to the Great Triangle. I always did like triangles. The Church of the Great Triangle has been founded by Mother Eddy, Mother Cramer and Mother Wilmans. There is no use for men, even with military titles, trying to organize an institution under the auspices of the New Thought. The Divine Feminine is on the throne! Long may She reign!"

In addition to the editing of *Christian* and the running of the Vibration apparatus, Brother Shelton has other "troubles of his own," for he has recently found a soul-mate, and it keeps him busy telling his readers just how and why it happened. It started in a Platonic friendship, and ended up with a marriage certificate from a Baptist minister. The I AM is now a WE ARE, and Brother Shelton does not address his female correspondents as "Sweetheart" any longer. Well, may they "live happy ever after," in the good old fairy-tale style.

Did you ever read Elizabeth Towne's *Nautilus*? Elizabeth is a spark producer, without a doubt. Her journal is one of the liveliest sheets that comes this way. She is a Mental Scientist who says what she pleases, without asking anyone's permission. She, too, has recently found a soul-mate (seems to be contagious), but, bless your life, it doesn't make any difference to Elizabeth. She seems to have her own way, just the same, and *Nautilus* is as vigorous and skittish as ever. Well, that's right, why shouldn't it be? She gives success treatments, too, and even of-

fers a membership in her "Success Circle" as a premium to her journal. We do not know whether we get one with our exchange copy or not. Think we will write her about it. *Suggestion* has been doing pretty well lately, and we have been attributing it principally to Shelton's vibrations, but may have been doing Elizabeth an injustice. Her success treatments must be good, for she says, in her last number:

"Nautilus had only two paid up subscriptions in Galveston. They and their families were saved, of course. If a few more Galvestonites had been in my vibrations, there wouldn't have been such a calamity. I AM every day quieting more storms than you can shake a stick at."

She also tells a subscriber, who inquires how to treat people, to

"wake up and put your foot down and say: I GIVE him money or success or happiness—I GIVE him whole slathers of good things—everything he wants. That's the way to treat folks."

Oh, Elizabeth, what a blessing it must be to have you around the house. We hope, for William's sake, that your storm-preventing ability does not extend to the storm-producing power.

Well, what we started out to say was that Elizabeth "went for us" in her November number. Here's what she says about us:

"Herbert A. Parkyn, editor of 'Suggestion,' published at 4020 Drexel boulevard, Chicago, has a lot to say in his October number about 'Masked Suggestion.' He derides 'Divine Healers,' etc., for covering health suggestions with religious or philosophic phrases. He forgets the bread pills or quinine he has masked many of his own suggestions with, and he loses sight of the fact that when he doesn't mask his suggestions he does mask his patient's intelligence before he can induce him to swallow the suggestions. What's the difference, my fault-finding friend, how you 'mask' pill or patient so you get the suggestion where it belongs? The man who takes

Universal Truth's suggestions probably thinks you are the very devil. At least he won't submit to your way of dosing him. But he gets cured just the same. It takes all kinds of suggestions and all kinds of 'masks' for all kinds of people."

After we had read the above, and thought about the strength of Elizabeth's vibrations, we felt quite uneasy, until a few days afterwards, she sent us a copy of her little book, "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," for review, accompanied by a nice little note intimating that she did not "have it in for us" in real earnest. Then we felt relieved. In another column you will find a little review of her book, which is somewhat out of the ordinary. (The book, not the review.) She starts out in the first chapter by addressing the reader as "Oh, Sweetheart," which is calculated to put him in a good humor at once. She says, later on, "I AM THE SUN OF GOD," which statement is bound to make trouble between Shelton and herself, as the former has been drawing salary for that office up to this time. She tells us, a little further on, that if we follow her system, our "lips will be soft and sweet to kiss." We have started to practice in dead earnest. Great scheme, that. She gives us another bit of advice, however, which we are afraid we cannot follow. She says: "Get a new, straight-front corset, let it out a notch or two more than you did the old one; after you put it on pull it away down in front and stand so your bustle is behind, where it belongs. Then throw your shoulders back, hold your head up, turn your eyes toward heaven and all good, and breathe." Elizabeth's book is full of good suggestions, a la Solar Plexus, and we are sorry that we cannot quote a little more liberally from it. Of course, we do not believe in the Solar Plexus Soul theory,

but what does that matter. We know a good thing when we see it, even if it is on the other side of the fence. Elizabeth's address is Holyoke, Mass. She used to hold forth in Dakota, but the Soul-mate lived in Holyoke, and—Elizabeth took the train. It was a case of "thought manifesting itself in action."

Our December Number.

Do you know we consider this month's *Suggestion* one of the best numbers ever issued by us. It is to be hoped that our readers agree with us in this good opinion of ourselves. The articles of Dr. Meacham and Dr. Bieser are particularly good and will be appreciated by the many readers with whom both of the said contributors are favorites. Dr. Pratt's "Impersonation" articles are proving quite popular and are eliciting commendation from numerous subscribers. The series of articles by Mr. Atkinson, entitled "The Law of Mental Control," promises to be quite interesting, and differs from the usual Mental Science contribution in a number of ways. Mr. Atkinson will avoid any special reference to the Mental Science theories of the treatment of disease, and will confine himself to an exposition of his conception of the true principles underlying the science of the mind, his ideas differing very materially from those of many other writers in the same field. The articles of Dr. Macdello and Dr. Bradt are good, and, taking it all in all, we think that we have done pretty well for ourselves and readers this month. Don't you?

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Enquiry and Experience Department.

Magnetic Healing.

PITTSBURG, PA., Sept. 20, 1900.

Editor of Suggestion:

The article of W. C. Carter in August number on Magnetic Healing is instrumental in calling forth a few statements gleaned from personal experience along the same line.

In the following I wish to show your readers that suggestion is not always the remedial agent in the treatment of disease. I know that it can do much when intelligently used or directed; I am not trying to gainsay that.

When a child of three I gave my first treatment, my mother guiding my hands over the diseased parts. As the years went by, I became well known as having the power to relieve and heal. I of course knew nothing of suggestion, I could not possibly know at that tender age. As far back as I can remember I have always felt a strange force take hold of my hands. In the earlier years I was too young to think a great deal about the causes, etc., but as I grew into manhood I began to study. While a boy at school I used hypnotism, though I was ignorant of the science; sometimes I would have half of the room under my control, until the teacher began to fear me, and rather desire my absence. In the training of animals I had strange influence over them, and as I grew older I began to wonder more and more why I was different from my associates, when by merest accident I discovered a book on hypnotism, and learned I had unconsciously been using the same. From hypnotism I studied

psychology, and through the understanding of the latter I learned the danger of the former, unless directed by a superior mind. I gave up the practices commonly used in public by hypnotists. As for healing, I had a strong dislike for it, and my only reason for studying these sciences was to throw more light on this strange power, and satisfy my own mind. But so far as practicing healing was concerned I had a peculiar feeling toward it, and the persistence of my friends to be cured was the only thing that kept me at it in those earlier days, and then I would only do it after business hours for the few. My first work was with tumors, cancers and old sores; with them I was singularly successful. The strange thing about it when in the presence of such persons I could scarcely refrain from placing my hands upon them, and would feel this strange current rushing to them, a feeling as though a battery had been applied to them. Many times this would occur when both parties and I were equally ignorant of each other's condition, I not knowing of their ailment nor they of my powers. This would occur on the street, in the theater and other public places, so much so that I was led to investigate the experiences, and always found, when those sensations took place that there was an invalid or diseased person near by. I was also able by coming into relating with them to diagnose the case correctly, without even touching them. I think I have made very few mistakes in diagnosis in all my practice.

Now, in the cases cured when a child, you suggestionists will say, it was the mind of the mother, and the self-hypnotised minds of the patients, when she was not with me. But how do you account for the other experiences, when we were both

ignorant of each other presence, also the current rushing to my hands?

I have since studied magnetism, suggestive therapeutics, osteopathy, mental science, and everything I could find that would have a tendency to give me more light and knowledge and raise me to a higher point of view. I am still eager to know more, and am constantly investigating the methods used by others, to find if possible something to further the good work, and make more simple and practicable these great facts in nature. Through the study of psychology, suggestive therapeutics and mental science, and in fact all along the new thought line, I have found much to digest and utilize, and this knowledge, so gained, has perhaps helped me in combination with my natural powers to accomplish a great deal more than I otherwise would have done. I have no prejudice, all sciences have contributed to the completeness of the whole.

Though I have not advertised a single line, my practice has grown to such proportions I am not able to satisfy the demand made upon me, and hundreds are turned away. I give from 40 to 60 treatments daily except Sunday. Sometimes at the end of a day I feel somewhat depleted, but after an hour's rest I seem to be as vital as ever. My practice has grown through the good results accomplished solely. For years I did not so much as give out a card. My vitality seems to increase, and I attribute this to the understanding of nature's simple laws, a knowledge of the law of attraction. I treat all kinds of disease with equal success, and do not use anything in the line of drugs, believing more in natural healing, and that medicine rarely accomplishes the results. There are certain passes for different parts of the body, the

forces directed where stimulation is most needed, enabling nature to readjust and gain her equilibrium. I find a large percentage of disease has its origin in the mind, and the condition of the body is only effect. It is necessary to change the mental polarity of such by giving them different ideas, different ideals. When you have succeeded in this you have eliminated disease.

Having written at great length, I am forced to conclude, though there is a great deal I would like to say with regard to magnetic healing, also many peculiar cases to be cited and not explained by suggestion as I understand it. Whilst I use suggestion largely in my practice and grand results, yet there are cases where suggestion has had little ground for a claim.

Yours sincerely,

WM. V. SHEPPARD.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A SERIES OF MEDITATIONS on the Ethical and Physical Relation of Spirit to the Human Organism, by Erastus C. Gaffield, and edited by J. C. F. Grumbine, is the title of a little book of 107 pages recently published by The Order of the White Rose, Syracuse, N. Y. Its neat and artistic make up is pleasing to the eye. To the initiate in occult religion this work will doubtless prove a source of instruction and inspiration, but the style is rather too transcendental for the average reader (or reviewer). Price not given. For sale by The Order of the White Rose, Syracuse, N. Y.

TOLSTOI, which has just reached our hands, consists of two books in one—*Tolstoi, A Man of Peace*, by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., and *The New Spirit*, by Havelock Ellis.

Tolstoi, a Man of Peace, is a charming work. Its chapters sparkle in every page with the author's terse, luminous way of impressing her observations of places, people, manners and customs. Dr. Stockham's study of Tolstoi in his study—his theories of social life—the obligations of the rich to the poor, and his endeavors to put into practice the humane ideas taught in his writings—all this is told in a vigorous, sympathetic, fascinating style, that makes it an effort to lay the book aside until it is read to the finish.

The New Spirit, by Havelock Ellis, which forms the second part of this book, is taken up by the reader with some misgiving lest he may not fall under the charm that carried him on the wing through the first part of the book. All doubt vanishes, however, before a second leaf is turned, and the reader follows the graphic pen of the author, with increasing pleasure, to the end. The famous Count Tolstoi is here, true to his life—his personal appearance, mind, spirit—his rational religion, his scorn of cant and clap-trap, Tolstoi invoking the "new Spirit" out of the old dead past, and, like other reformers, grappling with many problems of life as it is and as it ought to be. He makes mistakes, learns by his failures, and presses right on by the light of truth that is within him, often reaching the limits of possible helpfulness to those who abuse generosity and impose on the benefactor. He sometimes passes the bounds of self-preservation in his Christ-like essays to preserve the needy around him. The best portrait of this unique character is in his writings, as is true of all great subjective spirits, but if you would know this great man, without more extensive research, read this book.

The book is neatly bound in art velum and contains several portraits of Tol-

stoi and his wife; also a color sketch of Tolstoi plowing. It sells for \$1.00, and is published by Alice B. Stockham & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS, is not a treatise by "Bob" Fitzsimmons, but is a little book by Elizabeth Towne, every page of which is full of the author's "best thought." If you know Elizabeth Towne, you will realize what a lively little book this must be. The first chapter, entitled "I AM THE SUN OF GOD," is a strong appeal to her readers to wake up and make an effort to have health, happiness and material prosperity, by means of the recognition of the real self, the "I AM," which Mrs. Towne seems to believe has its headquarters in the Solar Plexus. She says that "The Solar Plexus is the point where life is born—where the Uncreate becomes Create; the unorganized becomes organized; the unconscious becomes conscious; the invisible appears; that which is dimensionless becomes measurable." The second chapter follows the lines of the first, and Mrs. Towne manages to get in some good suggestions to her readers, in her own inimitable style. Among other characteristic expressions, we find the following: "As long as a man prefers to let his solar plexus flop around like a weathercock on a squally day, registering all the silly, thoughtless or malicious things his neighbor may say, why just let him flop. He will get tired of his buffetings by and by, and begin to control himself and his 'feelings.' Nobody can do it for him." The third chapter is entitled "Just Why and Just How." The author here tells us all about the workings of the Solar Plexus (according to her theory). She makes the startling statement that "all disorders of the human body and brain are

due to shutting off the sun's rays before they can reach the solar plexus." She gives some good advice about deep breathing, and the bad effects of Fearthoughts. We have quoted from this book in our Editorial columns this month. The price of this little book is but 25 cents, and it may be ordered from ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Happiness.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a recent number of the *Chicago American*, takes up the subject of happiness and treats it in the following bright and interesting manner:

"How much happiness are you getting out of life?"

"How much enjoyment of the days of each week?"

"You had better pause and ask yourself this question."

"If you are merely getting through the present, with an idea of being happy in the future, I fear you are making a mistake."

"Happiness is a habit. It is influenced more or less by environment and circumstances, to be sure, and it can be shadowed temporarily by sorrow and augmented by good fortune."

"But in the main, happiness must come from within you."

"Unless you obtain some happiness every day NOW, you will not find it on any to-morrow."

"If you are restless, despondent, irritable and discontented, from dawn till bedtime, and wear the hours away in an impatient waiting for better times, you are forming a mental habit which will pursue you when the 'better time' comes."

"I know what I am talking about. I have seen it proved over and over again. You are building your brain cells, hour by hour, day by day, to think a certain kind of thoughts, and no change of external conditions will undo this work which you are now engaged upon."

"Of course, I am not addressing people suffering from some great loss or sorrow. Experiences of that nature must wear away; they cannot be overcome in a moment, or argued out of the heart. But they do not last—God has sent time to comfort the sorrowing."

"It is the people who are discontented with their work, and with their environment whom

I address. People who are working for the future and hating the present.

"I believe in a progressive discontent. It is a means of growth. But I believe in forming a habit of being happy about SOMETHING every day. While you work and strive to change your conditions, look around you and find a cause for enjoyment.

"Think of yourself as one who set forth on a journey to a desired goal. Instead of shutting your eyes and straining forward to the end, open them and take note of the blue sky, the green world, the birds, the children, and the lovers as you journey along. Be glad that you are alive; enjoy the rainstorm; take pleasure in passing a word with the friends you encounter and sit down by the roadside and converse with them now and then. Say to yourself, 'This is very cozy and cheerful. I will be happy with my friend,' and all the time rejoice that you have a goal toward which you are pressing.

"GET SOMETHING OUT OF THE JOURNEY EVERY DAY—some hour of enjoyment, and even if some accident prevents you from reaching your dreamed-of destination, or delays you long, still you have some golden hours of pleasure strung upon the thread of life. And, better still, you have formed the HABIT of enjoyment—you have practiced being happy! And when you DO reach your goal you will know how to appreciate the things you have longed for.

"Do not tell me that you have nothing to enjoy—nothing to be glad of in your present; I know better. God never made a day that did not possess some blessing in it if you look for it. LEARN TO BE HAPPY while you strive for things to make you happier."

The Power of Imagination.

The following interesting experiment is described by E. E. Slosson, of the University of Wyoming: "I had prepared a bottle filled with distilled water, carefully wrapped in cotton, and packed in a box. After some other experiments in the course of a popular lecture, I stated that I wished to see how rapidly an odor would be diffused through the air, and requested that as soon as anyone perceived the odor he should raise his hand. I then unpacked the bottle in the front of the hall, poured the water over the cot-

ton and started a stop watch while waiting results. I explained that I was quite sure no one in the audience had ever smelled the chemical compound which I had poured out, and expressed the hope that while they might find the odor strong and peculiar it would not be disagreeable to anyone. In fifteen seconds most of those in the front row had raised their hands, and in forty seconds the 'odor' had spread to the back of the hall, keeping a pretty regular 'wave front' as it passed on. About three-quarters of the audience claimed to perceive the smell, the obstinate minority including more men than the average of the whole. More would probably have succumbed to the suggestion, but at the end of a minute I was obliged to stop the experiment, for some in the front seats were being unpleasantly affected and were about to leave the room."—Psychological Review.

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JOTTINGS.

Jones Pays the Freight.

The new illustrated magazine, "The Journal of Magnetism," will be issued by Mr. Lloyd Jones, 156 Washington St., Chicago, on January 1st, next. It will contain 48 pages and will be issued monthly thereafter at \$1.00 per year. It will be devoted to Physical Culture, Magnetism and Health. The management are spending considerable money in launching this new enterprise and the indications are that it will be an interesting and instructive publication. If you will write to Mr. Jones, at the above address, and mention SUGGESTION, he will mail you a sample copy without charge. By this means you will receive a valuable magazine for the price of a postal card. Sit down and write Jones at once, and let him know that

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Do you remember how your good mother used to prepare your spring dose of sulphur and molasses, and the faces you made in the effort to "down it?" Well! Sulphur is one of the oldest laxative remedies known to man, but it has remained for Francis Squair, a practical chemist and druggist, to present sulphur in a form in which even children will cry for it. When but a druggist's apprentice in Scotland, Mr. Squair frequently put up a prescription containing sulphur, for an old physician. On graduating as a chemist in Scotland, Mr. Squair came to this country, and for over 30 years has been making a compound sulphur tablet, which has been prescribed by hundreds of Chicago physicians. Only



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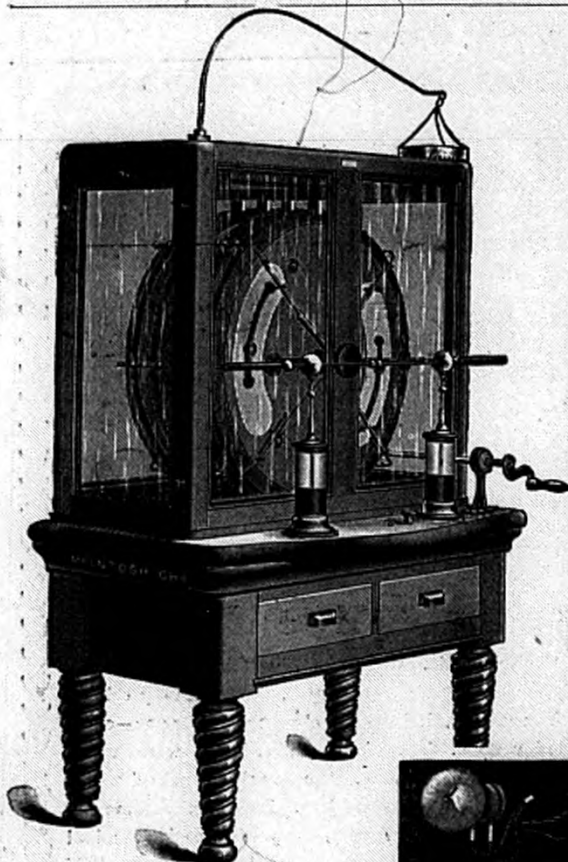
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